

# THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

THE following criticism appeared some months ago in the *Port-folio*—but as the author is a correspondent of mine, whose pieces have frequently adorned the *Companion*; I doubt not but the re-publication of it will be acceptable to my readers.

*The gen'rous critic fam'd the poet's fire,  
And taught the world with reason to admire.*

POPE.

To the reader, who delights in the creations of Fancy, there are few poetical pieces that will yield more pleasure, than the *Castle of Indolence* of Thomson; none that will more completely gratify his imagination by an unbounded and luxuriant indulgence in natural description and imagery.

From the allegorical form, and apparent looseness of expression, resulting from the style of the versification, it does not appear, at first, to have so methodical an arrangement, as a better acquaintance will discover. We must, nevertheless, feel disposed to allow it some perfection, considering it as the offspring of seven years labour of the author of the *Seasons*.

The two cantos, into which this poem is divided, display a contrast of argument and an opposition of description of considerable art and ingenuity. The stern dictates of reason are nearly forgotten in the fascinating delusions of the imagination; and though we cannot avoid yielding to the sound and conclusive arguments of the former, yet does the latter hold out lures and deceptions, flattering to our love of ease and natural despondency that we cannot avoid, without difficulty, the net of the baneful enchan-

be more artfully descanted upon, than the vanity and futility of human pursuits. It has been a most copious source of declamation, at all times and in all countries, to the philosopher and satirical poet.

Considering the subject in the abstract, and as bearing relation to a future life, it is the most true and impressive manner in which to treat it. But, considering us as formed for active life, an indifference to its duties and occupations cannot reasonably or consistently be encouraged as praiseworthy, or at all conducive to happiness here.

In Milton's *Comus*, there is much artful argument used by the voluptuous enchanter, who certainly disguises the most unbounded licentiousness and immorality in the language of a very pleasing and imposing philosophy. Nothing proves the weakness of our intellect more forcibly than these kind of contrasts, where the truth is found so nearly allied to both, that it requires nice discrimination to make the just distinction.

In the present instance we cannot avoid being pleased with the attractions of this retreat, from which Want and Care are far distant, and where Ease and Pleasure abound, and which, though delusive, have their analogy in that future mansion, upon which a warm imagination sometimes delights to dwell.

Some quotations, that will be made in the course of this sketch, will fully prove the appositeness of the above remarks as to the plausibility of the sophisms, which fill the first canto, and the interest we are compelled to take, so far as the premises upon which the arguments are founded. It appears that our author's first intention was the composition of a few stanzas, descriptive of his own attachment to ease and indolence; but he soon discovered that the subject would admit of a greater extent, and might be treated in a manner to convey the most useful and salutary instruction, while it admitted of all the embellishments which a descriptive and moral imagination could afford. Hence we find a long and regular work upon the subject,

Perhaps no subject admits of more sophistry, or could



in two cantos; the first containing an appeal to our passions and imagination, ornamented with very appropriate scenery; the second an address to the reader, wherein is pointed out the fallacy of the former arguments, and the true duties and sources of happiness to mankind as at present constituted.

The following introductory lines convey the moral upon which the superstructure is reared.

O mortal man! who livest here by toil,  
Do not complain of this thy hard estate,  
That like an emmet thou must ever moil  
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,  
And certes there is for it reason great;  
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,  
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;  
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,  
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

These lines will remind him, who may have seen Zimmerman's book on the 'Ill effects of Solitude,' of the many examples therein given of the bad consequences resulting from suppressed passions, and seclusion from the active scenes of life.

The poem opens with a fine description of the valley, in which the castle is situated. Every thing that can be considered in unity with the subject, is here placed before our eyes with the vivid colouring and happy arrangement of the author of the Seasons.

Was nought around but images of rest;  
Sleep soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,  
And flowery buds, that slumberous influence kest  
From poppies breath'd, and beds of pleasant green  
Where never yet was creeping creature seen;  
Meantime unnumbered glittering streamless play'd  
And hurled every where their water sheen,  
That as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,  
Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Full in the passage of the vale above  
A sable, silent, solemn, forest stood.  
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,  
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood,  
And up the hills, on either side, a wood  
Of black'ning pines, aye waving to and fro,  
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;  
And where this valley winded out, below [flow.  
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to

We have a perfect Elysium presented to our imagination in the succeeding lines, and we feel tempted to turn aside with the passengers, and confine our wanderings to such delightful pleasure grounds. The castle is truly the palace of Luxury and Indulgence; downy couches, the splendid allurements of the table, the charms of beauty, the power of music and poetry, and an abstraction from the disquietude of the soul, dazzle our senses, and we think of

nothing less than the transformations of Circe, or her voluptuous son.

The place being so interestingly described, we listen next to the fascinating oratory of the deceitful possessor, addressed to the numerous passengers, who, in their journey along the paths of life, approach his gates.

The charms which surround them, seconded by such persuasive eloquence, prove irresistible, and they turn in, overjoyed at the termination of their labours.

The contrast so often made of the 'unearned pleasures' of the animal creation, and the 'toil worn man,' is handsomely drawn, after which come these animated verses:

Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall  
Of bitter-drooping sweat of sweltry pain,  
Of cares that eat away the heart with gall,  
And of the vices an inhuman train,  
That all proceed from savage thirst of gain.  
For when hard hearted interest first began,  
To poison earth, Astrea left the plain,  
Guile, Violence, and Murder seiz'd on man,  
And for soft milky streams, with blood the rivers ran.

Come ye! who still the cumbrous load of life  
Push hard up hill, but as the farthest steep  
You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,  
Down thunders back the stone with mighty sweep,  
And hurls your labours to the valley deep, -  
Forever vain; come, and withouten fee  
I in oblivion will your sorrows steep,  
Your cares, your toils, will steep you in a sea  
Of pure delight; O come, ye weary wights, to me.

What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,  
A pure, ethereal calm, that knows no storm,  
Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,  
Above those passions that this world deform  
And torture man, a proud malignant worm,  
But here instead, soft gales of passion play,  
And gently stir the heart——

O grievous folly! to heap up estate,  
Loosing the days you see beneath the sun;  
When sudden comes blind, unrelenting, fate,  
And gives the untasted portion you have won,  
With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,  
To those, who mock you gone to Pluto's reign;  
But sure it is of vanities most vain  
To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain.  
(To be continued.)

'Serenity, health, and affluence, attend the desire of  
sing by labor; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that  
succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who  
thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is true  
blest; and lovely, far more lovely, the sturdy gloom of  
boring indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving  
adulation.'

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## FOR THE COMPANION.

HISTORICAL EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF CHRISTIANITY.  
(Continued from page 244.)

*If ye unting'd by prejudice receive  
Your coming Saviour, and his words believe,  
His precepts bind delighted to your heart  
And life resign before you bid them part,  
His meekness imitate, his patience share,  
Love what he lov'd, and what he suffer'd bear;  
Tho' anguish smite your path, or wasting pain,  
The poor man's lot, be your's, the captive's chain;  
A better portion waits in yonder skies,  
A golden harvest in reversion lies.*

COTTLE.

We proceed therefore to examine into the evidence which may be termed positive, and that its force may be more apparent the following propositions and proofs of them will be brought forward in succession.

## PROPOSITION I.

The facts related in the gospel are indisputably true, therefore the religion established by their means, is of that divine origin it professes to be, and worthy our serious attention.

## DEMONSTRATIONS.

- I. The possibility of the miracles attested in the gospel.
- II. Their nature being interesting and publick, and their having reached us without alteration.
- III. Their being announced by eye witnesses, or men contemporary, who were sincere and true.
- IV. Their connection with posterior facts, and their having been acknowledged by those whose interest it was to deny them.

## PROPOSITION II.

The prophecies of the Old Testament concerning the Messiah were fulfilled in Jesus Christ, whence it follows, that he was the being of whom they spoke.

## DEMONSTRATIONS.

Preliminary considerations on the nature of prophecy, and particularly the Jewish.

- I. The books of the Old Testament are authentic and divinely inspired.
- II. The prophecies concerning the Messiah with regard to his birth, conduct, death, &c. were fulfilled in Jesus Christ.
- III. Jesus Christ prophesied, which was to be a mark of the Messiah—he abolished the ancient law, which was to be part of his work.
- IV. His prophecies were accomplished in his sending his spirit upon the apostles, in the destruction of Jerusalem, in the dispersion of the Jews, in their being kept a distinct nation, and in the Gentiles being converted to Christianity.

## PROPOSITION III.

The books comprising the sacred volume, at least the four gospels, the acts of the apostles, thirteen epistles of Paul, the first of Peter, and the first of John, whose canonical authority none ever presumed to doubt, containing the history of the first establishment of the christian religion were considered as the only authentic relations of that event, and received as such by the primitive christians.

## DEMONSTRATIONS.

I. The quotations made from them by the primitive writers, as books possessing that authority which no others could claim, and whose decision in all controversies and disputes was to be especially regarded; considered as final, and from whose judgment there could be no appeal.

II. The harmonies formed from them, the commentaries and exposition elucidating them published by the primitive christians. Their being publicly read and explained in the assemblies of the first followers of this religion. Their being formally inserted into the catalogues then published of those books which were acknowledged exclusively to contain the principles, and the history of the founders of the christian religion.

III. Their being very early collected into a separate volume; dignified by titles denoting the most peculiar and the greatest respect; received by heretics, and all the christian sects, who alike regarded their authority; and the attacks made upon them by the infidels of those days as relating the true history upon which this religion depended.

(To be continued.)

## BEATTIE'S LIFE AND CHARACTER.

(Continued from page 245.)

In the night of the thirtieth of November 1789 he was suddenly seized with a violent fit of fever, attended with excessive trembling and shivering, such as seemed to threaten his immediate dissolution. Medical assistance was instantly procured, and before morning a perspiration ensued, which freed him from fever, but left him weak and languid. This night must be considered as the end of his literary career; for, though he lived almost a year longer, he was never after able to engage in study that required any energy of mind. From this time to his death the night sweats continued to molest him, though they were not often violent: and now a decline came on, wonderfully gradual, though it seemed in general to gain a little ground every week. He made, however, his daily excursions; and in February was still able to walk a few



miles without fatigue. Attempts were made to prepare him for a journey in a post chaise; but without success: every experiment of this kind, however cautiously conducted, being followed by a fit of fever unusually severe. Riding on horseback he had never found beneficial, and at this time could not bear at all. Still, however it was supposed, by the physicians, as well as by himself, and by me, as he had no cough, nor difficulty in breathing, nor indeed any positive pain, that nothing worse was the matter than what is called a relaxation of the nervous system; and that, when the season would permit, a few weeks of Peterhead would set him up again, as had happened to him several times in cases apparently similar. To get thither he was more anxious than I ever saw him about any other thing that concerned himself. Thither accordingly we went the nineteenth of April, and he bore the journey better than I expected. But next day a dreadful storm set in of rain and wind, which continued a week, during which it was impossible for him to leave his room. This confinement broke down his strength so much, that he could no longer walk without leaning on somebody's arm; nor bear the motion of a carriage, unless it went very slowly. His case was now called a *nervous atrophy*; and the physicians candidly informed me that, though not desperate, it was dangerous in the extreme. I need not give a detail of the transactions of this summer. Let it suffice to say, that he had every advantage that could be derived from the most skilful and affectionate physicians: particularly Sir Alexander Bannerman, Dr. Skene, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Laing, and Mr. Wilson, surgeon, who was his intimate friend, and who not only attended, but almost constantly sat by him the four last months of his life. By the goodness of Providence, every thing was procured for him that the physicians recommended. Twice I went with him to sea; and the first attempt (an excursion of ten leagues from Peterhead to Aberdeen) succeeded so well, that he was anxious to make a second; which, however, had, as I feared it would have, disagreeable consequences, though nothing materially pernicious followed it. In the end of June, a cough made its appearance; and it was then I began to lose hopes of his recovery, as I have reason to think he also did: he saw death approaching, and met it with his usual calmness and resignation. "How pleasant a medicine is Christianity!" he said one evening, while he was expecting the physician, whom he had sent for, in the belief that he was just going to expire. Sometimes he would endeavour to reconcile my mind to the thought of parting with him; but, for fear of giving me pain, spoke seldom and sparingly on that subject. His

composure he retained, as well as the full use of his rational faculties, to the last; nor did his wit and humour forsake him, till he was no longer able to smile, or even to speak except in a whisper. His last allusion to literature, and probably the last time his favorite Virgil occurred to his mind, was on occasion of some difference of opinion happening when he was present, between Mr. Wilson and me, about the meaning of a Greek word. To give him a little amusement, I referred the matter to him. Ah! said he with a smile, (finding himself unable to say more) *Fuimus Troes*.

One day, long before the little incident last mentioned, when I was sitting by him, soon after our second return from sea, he began to speak in very affectionate terms, as he often did, of what he called my goodness to him. I begged him to drop that subject; and was proceeding to tell him that I had never done any thing for him but what duty required and inclination prompted; and for the little I had done his filial piety and other virtues were to me more than a sufficient recompence,—when he interrupted me (which he was not apt to do) and, starting up, with inexpressible fervour and solemnity, implored the blessing of God upon me. His look at that moment, though I shall never forget it, I can describe in no other way than by saying, that it seemed to have in it something more than human, and what I may, not very improperly perhaps, call angelic. Seeing me agitated, he expressed concern for what he had done, and said that, whatever might be in his mind, he would not any more put my feelings to so severe a trial. Sometimes, however, warm sentiments of gratitude would break from him: and those were the only occasions on which, during the whole course of his illness, he was observed to shed tears;—till the day before his death; when he desired to see his brother, gave him his blessing, wept over him, and bid him farewell.

As his life drew towards a close, his pains abated considerably, and he passed a good deal of time in sleep. When I asked him whether his dreams were distressing, he said "No; for he sometimes dreamed of walking with me, which was an idea peculiarly soothing to his mind."

At seven in the morning of the nineteenth of November 1790, he said his throat was dry, and desired a draught to be given him. Mr. Wilson stepped to the table to fetch it; but, before he got back to the bedside, the last breath was emitted without a groan or even a sigh.

Over his grave in the churchyard of St Nicolas in Aberdeen, is erected a piece of marble, with the following inscription:

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JACOBO. HAY. BEATTIE. JACOBI. F.  
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 EA. MODESTIA.  
 EA. SUAVITATE. MORUM.  
 EA. BENEVOLENTIA. ERGA. OMNES.  
 EA. URG. DEUM. PIETATE  
 UT. HUMANUM. NIHIL. SUPRA.  
 IN. BONIS. LITERIS.  
 IN. THEOLOGIA.  
 IN. OMNA. PHILOSOPHIA.  
 EXERCITATISSIMO.  
 POETÆ. INSUPER.  
 REBUS. IN. LEVIORIBUS. FACETO  
 IN. GRANDIORIBUS. SUBLIMI.  
 QUI. PLACIDAM. ANIMAM. EFFLAVIT.  
 XIX. NOVEMB. MDCCXC  
 ANNOS. HABENS. XXII. DIESQUE. XIII  
 PATER. MOERENS. H. M. P.

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MONTAGU. BEATTIE.  
 JACOBI. HAY. BEATTIE. FRATER.  
 EJUSQUE. VIRTUTUM. ET. STUDIORUM  
 ÆMULUS.  
 SEPULCHRIQUE. CONSORS.  
 VARIARUM. PERITUS. ARTIUM.  
 PINGENDI. IMPRIMIS.  
 NATUS. OCTAVO. JULII. MDCCCLXXVIII.  
 MULTUM. DEFLETUS. OBIIT.  
 DECIMO. QUARTO. MARTII. MDCCXCVI.

Of James Hay Beattie's character and opinions I shall subjoin some further particulars, which could not be conveniently introduced in the preceding narrative. I set them down as they occur, without attempting arrangement.

Piety and meekness were striking features in his character, habitual to him in infancy, and through life. I find among his papers forms of devotion, composed for his own use. The Christian Religion and its evidences he had studied with indefatigable application; and the consequence was such, as may be always expected in like cases, where the enquirer has candour and sense: no person could love his religion more than he did, or believe in it with fuller assurance of faith. But in his behaviour there was no austerity or singularity. Even when he came to be a man, he had, when in health, and in the company of his intimate friends, all the playfulness of a boy. The effect of religion upon his mind was, to make him cheerful, considerate, benevolent, intrepid, humble, and happy. Of

the contracted principles and unamiable prejudices of sectaries he had no conception. He loved all the human race; he bore a particular love to all Christians; and he wished all parties to exercise Christian charity towards each other. The church of England he held in high veneration, and was also attached to the church of Scotland in which he had been educated; he knew that, in respect of doctrine, the principles of both are the same; and, as to the different forms of ecclesiastical discipline and worship, he did not think he had any right to affect singularity, or to molest the peace of either church by clamouring about matters of no essential importance. He wished to be, and to be considered as a CHRISTIAN: a title, which he thought infinitely more honourable than any other. The words Lutheran and Calvinist he well understood, but set no value on them; though he was ever ready to own his obligations to those learned men who had been instrumental in bringing about the reformation from popery.

(To be continued.)

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*Thoughts on the cultivation of the heart and temper in the education of daughters.*—BY HANNAH MORE.

(Continued from page 247.)

Young girls, who have more vivacity than understanding, will often make a sprightly figure in conversation. But this agreeable talent for entertaining others is frequently dangerous to themselves, nor is it by any means to be desired or encouraged very early in life. This immaturity of wit is helped on by frivolous reading, which will produce its effect in much less time than books of solid instruction; for the imagination is touched sooner than the understanding; and effects are more rapid as they are more pernicious. Conversation should be the *result* of education, not the *precursor* of it. It is a golden fruit, when suffered to grow gradually on the tree of knowledge; but if precipitated by forced and unnatural means, it will in the end become vapid, in proportion as it is artificial.

The best effects of a careful and religious education are often very remote: they are to be discovered in future scenes, and exhibited in untried connexions. Every event of life will be putting the heart into fresh situations, and making demands on its prudence, its firmness, its integrity, or its piety. Those whose business it is to form it, can foresee none of these situations; yet, as far as human wisdom will allow, they must enable it to provide for them all, with an humble dependence on the divine assistance. A well-disciplined soldier must learn and practice all his evolutions, though he does not know on what service his



leader may command him, by what foe he shall be attacked, nor what mode of combat the enemy may use.

One great art of education consists in not suffering the feelings to become too acute by unnecessary awakening, nor too obtuse by the want of exertion. The former renders them the source of calamity, and totally ruins the temper: while the latter blunts and debases them, and produces a dull, cold, and selfish spirit. For the mind is an instrument, which, if wound too high, will lose its sweetness, and if not enough strained, will abate of its vigour.

How cruel is it to extinguish by neglect or unkindness, the precious sensibility of an open temper, to chill the amiable glow of an ingenuous soul, and to quench the bright flame of a noble and generous spirit! These are of higher worth than all the documents of learning, of dearer price than all the advantages, which can be derived from the most refined and artificial mode of education.

But sensibility and delicacy, and an ingenuous temper, make no part of education, exclaims the pedagogue—they are reducible to no class—they come under no article of instruction—they belong neither to languages nor to music. What an error! They are a part of education, and of infinitely more value,

Than all their pedant discipline ere knew.

It is true, they are ranged under no class, but they are superior to all; they are of more esteem than languages or music, for they are the language of the heart, and the music of the according passions. Yet this sensibility is, in many instances, so far from being cultivated, that it is not uncommon to see those who affect more than usual sagacity, cast a smile of supercilious pity, at any indication of a warm, generous, or enthusiastic temper in the lively and the young; as much as to say, “they will know better, and will have more discretion when they are older.” But every appearance of amiable simplicity, or of honest shame, *Nature's hasty conscience*, will be dear to sensible hearts; they will carefully cherish every such indication in a young female; for they will perceive that it is this temper, wisely cultivated, which will one day make her enamoured of the loveliness of virtue, and the beauty of holiness: from which she will acquire a taste for the doctrines of religion, and a spirit to perform the duties of it. And those who wish to make her ashamed of this charming temper, and seek to dispossess her of it, will, it is to be feared, give her nothing better in exchange. But whoever reflects at all will easily discern how carefully this enthusiasm is to be directed, and how judiciously its redundances are to be lopped away.

Prudence is not natural to children; they can, however, sub-

stitute art in its stead. But is it not much better that a girl should discover the faults incident to her age, than conceal them under this dark and impenetrable veil? I could almost venture to assert, that there is something more becoming in the very errors of nature, where they are undisguised, than in the affectation of virtue itself, where the reality is wanting. And I am so far from being an admirer of prodigies, that I am extremely apt to suspect them; and am always infinitely better pleased with nature in her more common modes of operation. The precise and premature wisdom, which some girls have cunning enough to assume, is of a more dangerous tendency than any of their natural failings can be, as it effectually covers those secret bad dispositions, which, if they displayed themselves, might be rectified. The hypocrisy of assuming virtues which are not inherent in the heart, prevents the growth and disclosure of those real ones, which it is the great end of education to cultivate.

But if the natural indications of the temper are to be suppressed and stifled, where are the diagnostics, by which the state of the mind is to be known? The wise Author of all things, who did nothing in vain, doubtless intended them as symptoms, by which to judge of the diseases of the heart; and it is impossible diseases should be cured before they are known. If the stream be so cut off as to prevent communication, or so choaked up as to defeat discovery, how shall we ever reach the source out of which are the issues of life.

This cunning, which, of all the different dispositions girls discover, is most to be dreaded, is increased by nothing so much as by fear. If those about them express violent and unreasonable anger at every trivial offence, it will always promote this temper, and will very frequently create it, where there was a natural tendency to frankness. The indiscreet transports of rage, which many betray on every slight occasion, and the little distinction they make between venial errors and premeditated crimes, naturally dispose a child to conceal, what she does not however care to suppress. Anger in one will not remedy the faults of another; for how can an instrument of sin cure sin? If a girl is kept in a state of perpetual and slavish terror, she will perhaps have artifice enough to conceal those propensities which she knows are wrong, or those actions which she thinks are most obnoxious to punishment. But, nevertheless, she will not cease to indulge those propensities and to commit those actions, when she can do it with impunity.

Good dispositions, of themselves, will go but a very little way, unless they are confirmed into good principles.

And this religious instruction of the moral

But, no unkindness by cold smiles males show certain degrees and the more regarded, enterprising should not, sex, be en taught to giviciously to themselves should be that they should contentious importance to a submissive son which th practised, wh not practise These early so far from most undoubted meritorious and the beneficial watchfulness, used occasions appears to be ment.

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“Has man His study



And this cannot be effected but by a careful course of religious instruction, and a patient and laborious cultivation of the moral temper.

But, notwithstanding girls should not be treated with unkindness, nor the first openings of the passions blighted by cold severity; yet I am of opinion, that young females should be accustomed very early in life to a certain degree of restraint. The natural cast of character, and the moral distinctions of the sexes, should not be disregarded, even in childhood. That bold, independent, enterprising spirit, which is so much admired in boys, should not, when it happens to discover itself in the other sex, be encouraged, but suppressed. Girls should be taught to give up their opinions betimes, and not pertinaciously to carry on a dispute, even if they should know themselves to be in the right. I do not mean, that they should be robbed of the liberty of private judgment, but that they should by no means be encouraged to contract a contentious or contradictory turn. It is of the greatest importance to their future happiness that they should acquire a submissive temper, and a forbearing spirit: for it is a lesson which the world will not fail to make them frequently practise, when they come abroad into it, and they will not practise it the worse for having learnt it the sooner. These early restraints, in the limitation here meant, are so far from being the effects of cruelty, that they are the most undubitable marks of affection, and are the more meritorious as they are severe trials of tenderness. But all the beneficial effects, which a mother can expect from this watchfulness, will be entirely defeated, if it is practised occasionally, and not habitually, and if it ever appears to be used to gratify caprice, ill-humour, or resentment.

(To be continued.)

#### THOU MUST DIE.

When we bring to mind this awful sentence, which has been passed upon every creature inhabiting this ball of earth, how insignificant appear those low pursuits which agitate the toiling race of men.—He who has been for a series of years building airy castles, and preparing for future years of enjoyment—who has been filling his barns with plenty and his stores with abundance;—how is he astonished, when to him is sent this awful summons! His proud projects vanish into emptiness, and more worthless than chaff appear those vast designs of grandeur which had called forth all the energy of his mind.—Not so the Christian, who

“Has made the statutes of the Lord  
His study and delight.”

To him death comes not unlooked for: he knows it is the lot of our frail nature, and he rejoices in it as the road to blessedness. Sustained by the hope of glory, he sinks not under the rendings of pain—the agonies of disease are considered as the price of his passport to a happier state; and, resigned, he receives the cup of affliction. The death of the Christian is the revival of faith. Those who stand at his bed-side—who behold him throw off the shackles of mortality, his countenance beaming with heavenly smiles, and his lips uttering praise—must surely be convinced that he has followed no “cunningly devised fables”—and even Sceptics must be induced to wish, that their latter end might be like his. *Thou must die.* When the grim messenger delivers this awful sentence, he pays no respect to persons. Not all the riches of the Nabob, the supplications of the beggar, nor the threats of the deist, can aught avail. I have sketched the dying Christian—let me give the contrast in the closing scene of the unthinking youth, who, amidst his voluptuous comrades and destructive amusements, had hooted at the notion of judgment—set at naught the restraints of wisdom, and banished all reflection from his mind. In this state he is visited by sickness. Behold him groaning under affliction. The stings of a guilty conscience add torment to his bodily pains. He endeavours to pray, but guilt stares him in the face—he cries for mercy, but, alas, he had scoffed at the offers of pardon: and he is now suddenly called into the presence of his Maker, loaded with the pollutions of this world, and his dark passage through the valley of the shadow of death not illumined with one ray of consolation. With such examples before him, is it not astonishing that man should still run on in the mad career of vice, and end his days in wretchedness.

*Evening Fire-side.*

An Irish soldier pretending dumbness, and the surgeon of the regiment, after several attempts to restore him, declaring him incurable, was discharged. He, a short time afterwards, enlisted in another corps, and being recognized by an old comrade, and questioned how he learnt to speak, “By St. Patrick,” replied Terence, “*Ten guinea would make any man spake!*”

Jonas Hanway, who was of a remarkably thin and meagre habit, being once walking in a narrow street, met a staggering fellow, so much intoxicated that he took up the whole path. Hanway made a full stop, and looking earnestly at the man, gravely said, “My good Sir, indeed *I think* you have drunk a little too much!”—Have I, (hiccapped the fellow) have I, and indeed, my good Sir, *I think* you have eat much too little.”



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

To—

You tell me, *Mary*, with a tear,  
That all our hours of bliss are over;  
And bid me, as I hold you dear,  
Forget that I was once your Lover.

That fortune with malignant joy  
Still seeks our kindred hearts to sever,  
And gently charge your faithful boy,  
To fly from grief, and you, forever.

Oh! how can he repress the sigh,  
Whose clearest hopes and prospects wither;  
Condemn'd to part he knows not why;  
Condemn'd to roam he knows not whither.

Yet thy lov'd mem'ry, dearest maid!  
Where'er he strays he'll fondly cherish;  
Nor shall it for a moment fade,  
Nor but with his existence perish.



## SONG.

TUNE—*Good night, and joy be wi' you a'.*

See! evening comes serene and mild,  
Come, *Delia*, haste thee to the grove,  
Where you so often sweetly smil'd  
And I so often told my love:  
The days of courtship now are o'er,  
Love's little jealousies are flown;  
But still I love you more and more,  
Because, sweet girl,—you are my own.

'Twas in this grove you gave me all  
A friend, a lover, could impart;  
And suré you never will recal  
The precious gift,—it was your heart:  
A smiling band of Cupids join'd  
In hymns of joy around love's throne,  
With voices all as one combin'd,  
They sung, sweet girl,—you are my own.

In yonder woodbine's safe retreat,  
Entranc'd I held you to my breast,  
Heart press'd to Heart in contact sweet,  
A mutual sacred flame confest:  
Shall I turn truant, play the rake,  
Because you love but me alone?  
No! I will ne'er those arms forsake,  
Because, sweet girl,—you are my own.

Then haste, sweet *Delia*, to the grove,  
Again we will those scenes renew;  
We'll play again those pranks of love,  
Again my *Delia* I will woo;  
Thus every year while life shall last  
We'll pay our homage at love's throne;  
And still we'll bless the day that's past,  
When you, sweet girl,—were made my own.

SOLUS.

## LINES WRITTEN ON ANNA.

Disconsolate and sad I wander,  
Searching every Greenwood-tree,  
And gentle streamlets soft meander,  
Hoping my sweet love to see.

Late, round this tree she cheerful sported  
Playful ran beside the stream,  
Whilst I beheld her (all transported)  
Like a little Fairy queen.

How changed! how sad, how dull the water;  
Comfortless the shady tree,  
All things must change, such change has wrought her—  
But no change can alter me.



Jeunes beautés, je vous supplie  
De terminer vos jeux si doux;  
Venez, venez, et parmi vous  
Amenez-moi la plus jolie.  
La plus jolie et la plus belle!  
Celle-là m'a donné sa foi?  
Ou la verrai-je? ou donc est elle?  
Jeunes beautés, montrez-la moi.

Montrez-la moi; ma voix l'appelle.  
Mes yeux la cherchent vainement;  
Je ne pourrais que foiblement  
Vous peindre ma crainte mortelle.  
La plus modeste et la plus belle!  
Celle-là m'a donné sa foi!  
Ou la verrai-je? ou donc est elle?  
Jeunes beautés montrez-la moi.

Le doux penchant qui nous entraine  
Vous aussi, vous l'éprouverez!  
Un jour, un jour vous sentirez,  
Vous sentirez toute ma peine.  
La plus sensible et la plus belle,  
Celle-là m'a donné sa foi!  
Jeunes beautés, volez près d'elle,  
Et daignez lui parler de moi.

Dites-lui, que séparé d'elle,  
Je n'ai vécu que pour souffrir;  
Dites lui que je vais mourir  
Si je ne la revois fidelle,  
La plus aimable et la plus belle;  
Celle-là m'a donné sa foi.  
Jeunes beautés volez près d'elle  
Et daignez lui parler de moi.

Mais dans ce bois quelle est donc celle  
Qui se promène en soupirant?  
Quand on poursuit son jeune amant,  
Ainsi gemit la tourterelle.  
Amour me dit, c'est la plus belle  
Qui t'a toujours gardé sa foi.  
Jeunes beautés, volez près d'elle,  
Amenez-la, rendez-la moi.

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